

Grandma Goodson

By Kay Cox

**I was thinking today of Grandma Goodson.
She was my father-in-law's grandmother,
Although she never bore a child,
But that's another story.
She lived here in this house,
Perhaps she still does,
And twice a year, spring and fall,
She went to town.**

**I wonder what she went for?
What could you do without for six months
And then suddenly need?
Little Jay walked to and from school every day,
And even ran home for lunch.
It isn't that far to town.
I walk there in twenty minutes or less,
And I walk slow.**

**Grandpa Cox had a wagon and buggy.
He must have communed with others more often,
Since no one tells the tale about him
Of twice-a-year journeys.
What did she do?
Day in and day out**

**Snowbound or sunshine.
No children, no kin, no phone, no media.
I'm not sure how well she read,
A deed was signed with two x's
What did she do each day?**

**How did she fill her days?
Did she have her hungry feelings?
Was she fulfilled?
And wonder-who's distorted?
I count so many things as common
That would have filled her with delight
Yet am I happier or more free?**

**Her life seems a drudge to me in many ways,
Who loves to read, or write a dream, or travel where I will.
But why do I picture her less satisfied than I,
Less keen of mind?**

**Were her dreams recorded
In the cell and fiber of her brain
To be printed out at some long future time?
Does she set now in this old house
And rock and smugly smile at me
or laugh unseen, unheard
At this intruder in her home,
And wonder how I waste my days.**